

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

DUNN & WORCESTER, Publishers.
COLBY, KANSAS.

MOTHERHOOD.

When the tasks of the day are ended,
And work is folded away,
I sit by the window and study
A picture over the way.

In a room with window curtains
A mother comes every night,
And sits with a dimpled baby,
In the soft flickering light.

The little one's chubby fingers
Wander over her face,
And she smiles and coos and dances
With a sweet, unconscious grace.

I know the mother is saying
Something tender and good,
By the way in which she caresses
This atom of babyhood.

Then, as the twilight deepens,
The golden hair sinks to rest,
And a beautiful face looks over
The sleeping child on his breast:

And my own sad heart is throbbing,
Yearning with sudden pain,
For a touch of the dainty fingers
I never shall see again.

But I know the time is coming,
At the end of life's eventful day,
When hushed will be every longing,
And mother-love satisfied.

So now I sit by the window,
And watch the dear little stranger
In the bright light over the way.

—Christina Child.

THE LAWYER'S WARD.

A Runaway Couple from Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. Melton was just beginning to beat at home in his new parsonage when he was surprised one evening to receive a call from his classmate Harry Leigh. In college days they had been friends, and for awhile after their graduation they had exchanged letters and visits; but the letters and visits had come to an end long ago, and it was many years since they had met. As they sat in the book-lined study, each eyed the other curiously. Years sat lightly upon Mr. Leigh, and he was dressed fashionably, almost youthfully. In his dark-red necktie was thrust a gold dog's head with ruby eyes, and to the parson the scarf and the dog's head suggested a sporting character. He knew that Mr. Leigh was not a sporting character, and wondered mildly that a highly respectable, prosperous, middle-aged lawyer should thus adorn his person. Moreover, Mr. Leigh had brought into the study a tall silk hat and a dapper little walking stick, and these he held as though they were far too precious to be laid on a nonsensical chair. He clung to them until the parson was filled with an unchristian desire to throw them out of the window; but in a second, he broke off in the middle of a sentence, took hat and stick from his guest, and carried them to the new-sealed Queen Anne room in the hall. There he left them, together with the engraved card that had announced Mr. Leigh's presence in the house.

Mr. Leigh, in the minute that he was alone, smiled, and the smile had in it a touch of pitying condescension, and when the parson re-entered the study his guest seemed a different man. He sat in black broadcloth of country cut, with a low vest that displayed a liberal expanse of spotted linen. Dr. Melton's slippers were a little the worse for wear, but he knew that his daughter would surprise him at Christmas with a new pair, and meanwhile the old ones were comfortable. His collar and cravat were neat, although not fashionable, and they were well hidden by a flowing gray beard that had more white hairs in it than there were in his mustache. From under his broad forehead a pair of contemplative blue eyes looked at the world with mingled shrewdness and kindness, and they rested on his guest with a sort of comical surprise. He thought Mr. Leigh rather foolish in his dress, and Mr. Leigh hoped that the country parson would soon be introduced to a New York tailor, and taught town ways by some of the deacons in the church to which he had been called upon to minister.

"Well," he said, "and how do you fancy the idea of becoming a metropolitan preacher, and seeing your sermon garbled in Monday morning's paper?"

"The papers didn't garble my sermon this week," the doctor said. "On the contrary, the reporters picked out the best and overlooked the worst in the kindest and most flattering fashion."

Mr. Leigh laughed. "You won't be so amiable to reporters when you know them better. This I should live and change, no doubt. Or do you believe that God made the country and man made the town?"

"I believe God made them both, and man tries his best to spoil both," the parson answered.

"Ah, that's neat—very neat. By the way, I ought to tell you doctor, I read your book on the Atonement with a good deal of pleasure." The parson winced, but Mr. Leigh did not observe that. "I don't wonder the college doctors you for it, though your ideas most foggy rather liberal to the misty old fogies who peddle out Latin and Greek and scholasticism."

"I came near it," said Dr. Melton. "They wanted me to be a professor, but I prefer to be a parson."

"A city parson," said his guest.

"I am not so sure about the city part," Dr. Melton said, slowly. "It was pleasant up there in the country. I was attached to my people. I liked to potter about in my garden. I was astonished when I received a call from New York. I don't know that I would have accepted it if one of my deacons had not had a promising son ready to fill my place, and I think that my congregation rather liked the idea of a young domestic. I had about come to the conclusion that I should live and change a country parson; but here I am."

"With six thousand dollars a year and a comfortable house," added Mr. Leigh.

The parson frowned. "A man with four children has no right to slight a chance of bettering his fortune; but it was not the money that brought me to New York. There is work here. He broke off suddenly, perhaps because he saw the shadow of a sneer on Mr. Leigh's lips. "And you are still living in Philadelphia?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed. I don't live anywhere else. New Yorkers may turn up their noses and call it a village, but Philadelphia suits people who belong to the old Quaker stock."

"Quite? You haven't turned friend?" The parson's eye lit on the glittering scarf-pin. "You used to be an Episcopalian when we were in college?"

"I am yet," said Mr. Leigh; but my ancestors were Quakers—sort of cousins of old Penn. you know."

"You had better believe, to perpetuate the name?" the parson remarked, dryly.

"One son—an only child. Morton is twenty-four, and reading law in my office. A bright fellow, too; never gives me a moment's uneasiness; always at work; steady-going; no boyish nonsense about him."

"Twenty-four," the parson repeated, "and no boyish nonsense about him? There is a good deal of nonsense about my boys. I am hap—sorry to say. Still I hope they will not disgrace me. Their mother thinks they are all right, and I am learning every day of my life that my wisdom, as compared with hers, is beneath contempt. I can hardly believe you have a son twenty-four. Why, you are a spruce young man yourself."

"Thanks to a life free from excesses of any kind," said Mr. Leigh. And I married early—I advocate an early marriage if a man has money enough to scrape together a paltry income is terribly hard on a young man. Yes, I married early, and I have every reason to believe that my son will follow my example."

"Not," the parson exclaimed, raising his eyebrows very high. "I am glad to hear that. I married early myself, but it was on one of the paltry incomes—a thousand dollars, to be accurate."

"A thousand dollars?" cried Mr. Leigh, in horror.

"Yes; and we were happy," Dr. Melton rose as he spoke, his eyes straying toward a photograph of his wife that stood on the mantel-shelf. He took his pipe and filled it, smiling absently at the thought, "I can't offer you a cigar," he said, "but if I pipe."

"The two gentlemen smoked for a minute in pensive silence."

"And when is your boy to marry?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it is not quite arranged yet."

"So you arrange marriages in Philadelphia?" And this particular marriage he considered arranged. "Hum! I don't understand that sort of thing. Up in the country it is, 'Mary, I love you,' and 'Jack, I love you in return,' and then my services are called for. How does one arrange a marriage in Philadelphia?"

The touch of sarcasm was quite lost on Mr. Leigh, who had crossed his legs and sat down in thought, frowning at the patient death of his son on his next show. His dark watchful him until he understood his legs and looked up.

"Have you any daughters, doctor?" he asked.

"Two of them."

"I hope so; otherwise they will tower over my head."

"I can understand them," said Mr. Leigh, with a gravity that made the parson's blue eyes twinkle and the corners of his mouth twitch.

"Oh, no, I don't understand them. I don't understand any creature in petticoats; but my daughters are good girls, and their mother assures me that they are remarkably good. What do I want to understand them for?"

"It might be my advantage, under some circumstances," Mr. Leigh remarked. "Use it," he exclaimed, with sudden energy. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said.

"I don't mind; there are times when a man is refreshed by the tell of a cure," said the parson, who read Jean Paul. "What is the matter, though? What girl do you think might be an advantage to understand?"

"My ward," answered Mr. Leigh. "She is an orphan, a far-away cousin of my wife, and she has lived with me for the past five years. She has a nice little fortune; she is pretty; she is well-bred."

"That goes without saying," muttered the parson, stroking his long beard. "But she hasn't a grain of common sense," Mr. Leigh rose, took up a position on the rug, slipped his left hand under the short tails of his cut-away coat, and gestulated with his right as he warmed to his story. "Last summer," he began, "she was twenty-one, and just out of school. She went to Cape May with the Philpotts, people in whom I placed the utmost confidence. I thought she was safe with them; but lo and behold! she must make the acquaintance of a young gentleman who held the responsible position of bookkeeper in one of our large hardware stores, a retail concern, and he has sold her his soul over the counter."

"I was in Europe; so this interesting tale-seller ran down to Cape May every Sunday, and staid until Monday. Then he had a clerk's two weeks' vacation, and he spent that at Cape May. I came back in October, and before I had been home twenty-four hours who should call at my house but this young man? He wanted to see me and I saw him, and was informed by him that he had wooed and won my ward. I asked if he proposed to take her to live over the shop."

Mr. Leigh's thin lips curled downward, he glanced at the parson for sympathy, but he encountered a steady, unflinching critical look. Dr. Melton took the pipe out of his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke upward through his mustache.

"Why shouldn't they live over the shop?" he said.

"Oh, you don't understand," Mr. Leigh exclaimed, fretfully. "She has been brought up in luxury, and she ought to have some idea of what is proper and fitting. There has been a terrible time. Why, I assure you I have had the sympathy of all Philadelphia. This hardware man had the effrontery to say that he had money enough to take care of a wife, just as though he had never thought of my wife's little fortune. He begged me to go and see his employers' people. I never heard of—I told him I did not want their recommendations; I did not propose to hire a book-keeper. He was insolent and ordered him out. Then she blazed away at me, the weak, infuriated girl. I tried to reason with her, my wife talked to her; my son—well, you see, my son wanted to marry her, and he would have married her if she spoke to her she would ask her hardware man to protect her. Think of it! As though Morton would insult her—the best-mannered man that ever lived!"

Mr. Leigh had grown excited. His cigar had gone out, and he relighted it, drawing at it fiercely until the end burned bright like a bit of coal.

"And Morton is very fond of her," he continued—"so fond of her, in fact, that he is waiting like a hero for this to blow over. I think the force is nearly done for the hardware man became partner the other day in a nail factory or something of that sort, and a week ago he sailed for Europe. He will stay a year, traveling for his firm, and when he comes back—Mr. Leigh broke off to smile absently and to drop the lid over his left eye.

"I don't exactly understand your objections to him," said Dr. Melton, slowly. "Does he drink, or keep low company?"

"No," answered Mr. Leigh. "but—"

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, interrupting him. "But I want to speak in his behalf. He must be industrious, and no fool, and prosperous, or he would not have jumped into this new position. I confess I don't think you have made out a clear case. Of course you want to see your son happy; but if she does not love your son, this ends the matter. And if she does love this other man, and he is honest and upright, why should he not have her?"

"He is not her equal," said Mr. Leigh. "You know in Philadelphia."

The parson rose up with a stifled exclamation that, coming from a layman's lips, might have sounded profane.

"It is warm in here," he said. "I want a little fresh air; I am not used to a furnace-heated house. Poor girl! The city has not yet claimed me for its own, and I miss the fire-place in my old study. Poor fellow!"

He threw up the window, and looked out on a wild expanse of sky, the moon rode at anchor amid the fleet of stars. He stood there, drawing in the crisp December air, until a tap sounded on the door. "Come in," he cried, and one of his daughters entered—a tall, slim girl with her father's blue eyes.

"Papa," she said, pressing close to him, and smiling mysteriously, "there are some people in the parlor."

"Drawing-room, my dear," said the doctor. "We are in Philadelphia."

"We are not, but no matter," she returned. "I tell you there are some people in the parlor, and I think it is a first town wedding. She is very pretty, and she has on the loveliest little bonnet you ever saw. Go marry 'em quick, and let me be a witness until they have two witnesses with them."

He passed his arm about her and kissed her, she did not know why; then led her to his guest.

"Mollie, this is a classmate of mine. My daughter, Mr. Leigh—Mr. Harvey Leigh of Philadelphia. You must excuse me for a few minutes."

He went into the adjoining parlor. Yes, it was a wedding party, no doubt, but the would-be bride and groom did not look like the brides and grooms that seek out a parson in such a fashion. The man was a gentleman, with a fine face and dignified bearing. The girl was pretty, but more than that, she had an air of confidence, self-reliance, she was not a weak piece of pink and white flesh. An older couple was with them, a somewhat frightened middle-aged man and a very nervous middle-aged woman, evidently his wife, for she clung to his arm helplessly.

"I am William Dunbar," said the young man. The parson shook hands with him. "And this," he said, turning to the young lady, "is Miss Kate Perry. We are both of age—in fact I am thirty-three—and I hope you will be good enough to marry us."

Mr. Dunbar was very much in earnest, but he smiled a little. "Our marriage is sudden," he added, "because I must sail for Europe to-morrow, and I want to take my wife with me."

The parson looked at him, then at the girl. Her eyes met his steadily, though a faint flush stole into her cheeks.

"Where is your home?" he asked.

"I have none," she answered. "I have no father nor mother. I have been living in Philadelphia with my guardian. The words were spoken softly, but her eyes were full of tears. "I am free to do as I please," she went on. "My guardian has no right to dictate any longer."

"Hum!" said Dr. Melton, passing his hand over his beard. "And you are from Philadelphia too?" he added, turning to Mr. Dunbar.

"I am," was the curt response.

"Your name sounds familiar," said the parson. "Could I have seen it the other day in a list of passengers for Europe?"

He scanned the faces before him. The man's jaws clenched; the girl's flush deepened into crimson.

"We are free to marry," said Mr. Dunbar. "There is no reason why we should not be married. If she will perform the ceremony, I shall find some one who is willing. We have with us my uncle and aunt; there is no use in wasting words. Will you marry us?"

"Yes," said the parson. Then he asked a few formal questions, and married them according to the ritual of the Dutch Church. He begged them to be seated for a minute while he wrote the certificate. This made it necessary for him to return to the study.

"A runaway country couple!" said Mr. Leigh.

"I can't swear to the country part," the parson answered, as he drew a certificate out of his desk.

"I wonder you are willing to perform the ceremony," Mr. Leigh remarked. "I should think it was a great risk to marry runaway couples."

"The risk is greater without it," said the parson. "If I don't tie the knot, somebody will, and it is generally a satisfaction to one to know that the knot is tied. In this case, however, I am quite sure I am doing right. Do you believe in premarital vows?"

"To a certain extent, yes," said the parson. "Well, so do I, and I am confident that I have just married a sweet girl to a man who is worthy of her."

He went back to the parlor with the certificate, taking pen and ink, and the witnesses signed their names. Mr. Dunbar shook him by the hand, leaving a note in his pocket. The bride smiled shyly upon him, and the elderly woman bowed, but the elderly man, who so far had not spoken a word, said suddenly: "I will tell you, sir, that you will never regret having helped this marriage."

"I don't believe I could have helped it," said the parson, with a dry glance at the new-made husband. "I might have been the means of deferring it, but Mr. Dunbar intends to take his wife to Europe in spite of a dozen tyrannical guardians and a dozen more reluctant clergymen. God bless you and make you happy!" he added, taking the young wife's hand.

Her eyes filled with tears, but her husband drew her hand through his arm and led her away.

Two carriages were waiting outside. One went to the north, the other to the south; but the parson watched the one that went to the south, for in that sat a man and woman whom he believed he had made happy for life, so far as wedded bliss brings happiness.

He returned to the study, gave the wedding fee to his daughter, who bore it off in triumph to her mother, and then he refilled his pipe.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" said Mr. Leigh.

"Not precisely this sort of thing. The bride and groom were not girl and boy; neither did they belong to what you would call the Quaker class. By the way, it was a Philadelphia party—"

Mr. Leigh started from his chair. "Dunbar!" he repeated. "And the girl?"

"Kate Perry—Katherine, rather."

Mr. Leigh stared at him vacantly. "My ward," he said in sudden anger. "And after all I told you! Why didn't you call me in there?"

"How was I to know that?" said Dr. Melton. "You never mentioned the name of your ward or her lover. You simply called him the hardware man."

Mr. Leigh walked out of the library, took his hat and stick, struggled into his overcoat, and left the house without vouchsafing another word to his host. The parson showed him out, and looked at him walking swiftly toward the moonlit street. When he went to his study again he had by no means the craven air of a man who had done a dastardly deed. On the contrary, he laughed outright at the sad fate of his desk, whereon lay the notes of his sermon. But he did not finish the sermon. He went to his daughter and begged her to lend him a good novel, and he read a love story that evening instead of theology.—Charles Dunning, in Harper's Weekly.

FISH AS FOOD.

A Valuable and Cheap Article of Nutrition.

The many species that men consume giving them a great variety of flavor and many degrees of nourishment. In some parts of the earth fish form the chief sustenance of the people. In the frigid zone, fish are dried, ground to powder, and converted into a substitute for bread. Even putrid fish forms the ordinary food of whole tribes of men. From the earliest period of mankind, fish has been their common nourishment.

The flesh of fish is less nutritious than meat, and differs in the amount of plastic and fatty matter they contain. But generally we may say that they contain seventy-five per cent. of water, fifteen per cent. of nitrogenous materials. The white fish, however, contains only three per cent. of fat and eighteen per cent. of plastic matter. Some are not easily digested in the human stomach. Others dissolve readily, and enter and mingle easily in the circulation of the blood. It may be well for the mother to know that some fish are poisonous at certain seasons of the year, and under the influence of certain climates. They should not forget that various articles of ordinary diet vary in their influence upon the health and comfort of different children. Some can not safely eat veal, or mutton, milk nor strawberries. Shell fish (as lobster) may induce cholera; in others a special form of nettle rash may appear; and in still other cases, nervous indigestion seems to be caused by eating certain kinds of fish. Such cases are very rare, and have been ascribed to the food on which some fishes live, and to the idiosyncrasy of persons so affected.

If fish do not yield as much nourishment as meat, still those who live chiefly on this diet usually maintain a healthy state of body, and discharge well the usual duties of active life. Fish-eating children ultimately make healthy and active men and women.

We may find it convenient to form two grades of fishes, namely, those that have white flesh and those that have red. The former have a looser texture of muscle, and are more easily digested. Among the white-fleshed are the perch, haddock, sole, cod, etc. Their bodies usually contain but a small amount of fat, such as usually accumulates in the codfish and its relatives, whose livers are ordinarily distended with oil. White-colored fish, on an average, contain nearly eighteen per cent. of plastic matter, seventy-eight per cent. of water and four per cent. or less, of fat.

The red-fleshed fishes, as the mackerel, herring, eels, salmon, etc., are distinguished by having fat mingled with the flesh, especially in the part below the belly. So the members of this second class are richer, more nutritious, but less easy of digestion. The salmon, that approaches most nearly to meat in color, and yields more nourishment than any other member of the finny tribe. The fat is mingled with the fibers of the muscles, and also exists in layers directly beneath the skin. In most fishes, the fat abounds in the belly part more than in the back, so that the former are not so suitable for children and weak stomachs.

The red-fleshed fishes are more nutritious, but harder of digestion than the lean and white-meat ones. This latter class, cooked without much fat, are easily digested and assimilated in the weakest stomach, and are particularly suitable as good for children.

The favor of fish depends in part upon the species to which they belong, and partly upon the food they eat and the place in which they live. Those that live in deep or quickly moving waters with gravelly bottoms are sweeter and more delicate than those that spend their days in shallow, slowly moving waters on muddy bottoms. In still water, not only less nutritious but tougher, harder to digest and have a earthy flavor. We ought to repeat that the fatty class of fishes require more digestive force than the lean, and so are not proper for young children. But they may be made more digestible by adding to them when cooking a little vinegar. All fish should be beheaded and cleaned as soon as caught.—C. H. Allen, in Western World.

Why Hair Oil is Out of Fashion.

Ladies can anticipate many disagreeable possibilities with fineness, but to wait calmly to grow bald-headed is too much for their endurance. So they dropped hair oil. Hair oil is now used by dukes and dukes in order to insure a good comb. The city is filled with prematurely bald-headed young men, and the women think so much of a head of hair to sacrifice it to oil. The great desire now is to get a head that is entirely free from grease to use on the hair. Several preparations have been invented. They use this to dampen and make the hair pliant. The Langtry bang is going out of style and the hair is combed upon the head, so some dampness is required to make it dress easily. Oil was once the only thing used, but now harmless fluids have supplanted it entirely. The head fur nishes enough nutriment to each strand of hair, and in some even too much. Putting grease on the hair does not make it healthy, nor impart vitality to its growth. On the contrary, it clogs up the scalp, and frequently causes the hair to fall out. The days of hair oil for ladies have passed.—N. Y. Mail.

The will of Thomas Hoge, or Franklin, Pa., provides that "should any of the officials of the Venango National Bank become comatose-stricken, and be unable to return to his residence, the said will shall be read, and he bequeaths that sum to the executor."

Out of the Frying Pan.

Hostetter McGinnis, of Galveston, dabbles in art. He painted a picture, put it in a book store, and then stood around to hear what people said. Gus de Smith looked at it, and said to a friend:

"That's the worst dabble I've seen yet. The man who painted that picture ought to be like his picture—hung up to dry, he is so green."

"I want you to understand, sir, that I am the artist who painted that picture," said Hostetter.

Being anxious to excuse himself, De Smith replied:

"I beg ten thousand pardons. I have no knowledge of art what I saw. I only repeat what I hear everybody else say about your picture."—Texas Sittings.

UNITED STATES Senator Blackburn says Red Star Cough Cure is safe and reliable.

A BROOKLYN boarding-house keeper says she thinks she would like to board printers, as she hears they don't like "pl."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Of Interest to Property Owners! The following letter from the State Superintendent of Insurance denotes the standing of the Burlington Insurance Company in Kansas:

STATE OF KANSAS, Insurance Department, Topeka, Kas., April 20, 1885.

LEROY ST. ANASTAS, Chicago City, Kas.: Dear Sir:—The Burlington has been admitted to transact business in Kansas for the year ending February 28, 1885.

This fact is enough to show that it is deemed worthy of patronage.

Yours, Very Truly,
H. B. MORRIS, Sept.

It is the feeblest mutchance, as well as the sickliest child, that gets the most funding.

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T. K. never felt better. When his friend asked him how he got over that severe cold of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T. K. "G. M. D. did it." And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T. K. had tried a dozen in vain. "I saw it," said T. K., justifying the name on the bottle, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Discovery, as my friend J. S. always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

HACK-DRIVER'S COUPLET: If she be not fair to me, what care I whose fare she be.—Chicago Tribune.

Young Men, Read This. THE VOLTAIC BELL, Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELL and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES for trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete rest to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet. Free.

THE twenty-fourth annual statement of the Burlington Insurance Company as approved by the Auditor of Iowa, is a very creditable one. It shows \$100,000 cash capital, aggregate cash assets \$451,068.65, and liabilities which include \$100,000 cash capital, \$182,270.59 reinsurance reserve and all other liabilities, \$221,338.34. This gives the Burlington a net surplus of \$129,468.65. Besides this the Iowa company holds the secured obligations of the stockholders for \$300,000. For the further protection of policy-holders, there is an excellent showing and what best merit confidence among property owners in this oldest of Iowa companies.

NEVER speak of a grocer as a man of grit. He might suspect that you doubted the honesty of his sugar.—N. Y. Graphic.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

"It's hot as an oven in here," he said to the editor. "It ought to be; it's where I make my bread."—Lynn Union.

PIE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in minutes. See Glen's Sulphur Soap and beautifies. See GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns a Baritone.

An Indianapolis man advertises to put down walls at bottom prices.—Detroit Post.

The best posted traveler is a letter.—Burlington Free Press.

A Book Free on the Liver, Its Diseases and Cure. Dr. Sanford, 31 Broadway, New York.

If afflicted with Sores Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

"You did wrong to shoot that man's dog. You might have wounded him with the butt of your gun," said the judge to a man who was charged with shooting a neighbor's dog. "I would have done that," replied the prisoner, "if the dog had come at me first; but he came at me with his biting end."—Philadelphia Times.

BOARD OF HEALTH—the washboard.—N. Y. Herald.

NO SOLDIER was ever used for assault! battery.

SOMETHING that will bear looking into—a microscope.—Old City Derrick.

NATURAL CONSEQUENCES: Roller Mine. Starts again. If it grows. Dizzy Dumb. Starts gracefully. Very loud. On ear.

Puts on rollers. Makes for seat. Takes stroke. Sky scraper. Squeaking thread. Last act. No bones broke. Undertaker.

A CLOSE call: "Any old clo?" Any old clo?—Nonpareil Journal.

In the matter of a diet a boiled egg is hard to beat.—Merchant Traveler.

"OSE was singular sights at sea," said a person who had just crossed the Atlantic. "I saw the ocean heave, a passenger heave, and the ship heave to."—Boston Courier.

Most of Persia is very rugged; hence the Persian rug.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

THEY are now making wool out of wood, but this will not make it sheep.

A POLISHED delivery—cuffs and collars from the laundry.—Burlington Free Press.

"I saw your advertisement for a 'young man of good address,' and returned it, and the applicants for a vacant position, and I thought I would call in and reply. My address is Boston, Mass., and if that isn't as good as the best I should like to know where you will find a better one."—N. Y. Herald.

VALUABLE AND CONVENIENT.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a safe and sure remedy for all troubles of the Throat and Lungs. Sold only in boxes. 25 cts.

Most of Persia is very rugged; hence the Persian rug.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

WARNER'S TIPPECANOE THE BEST

THE OLD FOLK WHAT IT MEANS.

MADE IN THE UNITED STATES

THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1880.

BITTERS.

SKIN ERUPTIONS And Bad Blood. \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

FOR Spring and Summer Weakness. \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE AFFORDED BY Family Re-Unions.

IN this broad land teeming with a wealth of natural resources and advantages, there is a lamentable tendency for families to become widely separated as its members arrive at maturity. It frequently occurs that a mother must travel a thousand miles or more in order to visit her several children and their families. The exquisite pleasure afforded by a family reunion is, alas! too seldom enjoyed. Not always is it convenient for sons and daughters to leave their homes and little ones to gather around the old hearthstone. Would that the custom could more frequently be indulged in. On many occasions illness in the family is a restraining cause. To those of the disease enters an otherwise happy home, despoiling a parent, afflicting a child. Our duty to ourselves and to our little ones demand that we make good health, only a feeling of weakness, only a slight disorder, until eventually disease assumes complete control. Fight the monster in the start! meet him at his first approach! by using DR. H. W. WARNER'S YELLOW BLOOD AND SKIN PURIFIER. It will make you feel fresh, the blood will be made pure and circulate with more vim. Sores and pimples will disappear, the urinary and digestive organs will gain strength and perform their functions without pain, while robust health, strength, freedom from aches and, and happy content be the result, and longevity reward.

THE twenty-fourth annual statement of the Burlington Insurance Company as approved by the Auditor of Iowa, is a very creditable one. It shows \$100,000 cash capital, aggregate cash assets \$451,068.65, and liabilities which include \$100,000 cash capital, \$182,270.59 reinsurance reserve and all other liabilities, \$221,338.34. This gives the Burlington a net surplus of \$129,468.65. Besides this the Iowa company holds the secured obligations of the stockholders for \$300,000. For the further protection of policy-holders, there is an excellent showing and what best merit confidence among property owners in this oldest of Iowa companies.

NEVER speak of a grocer as a man of grit. He might suspect that you doubted the honesty of his sugar.—N. Y. Graphic.